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#5

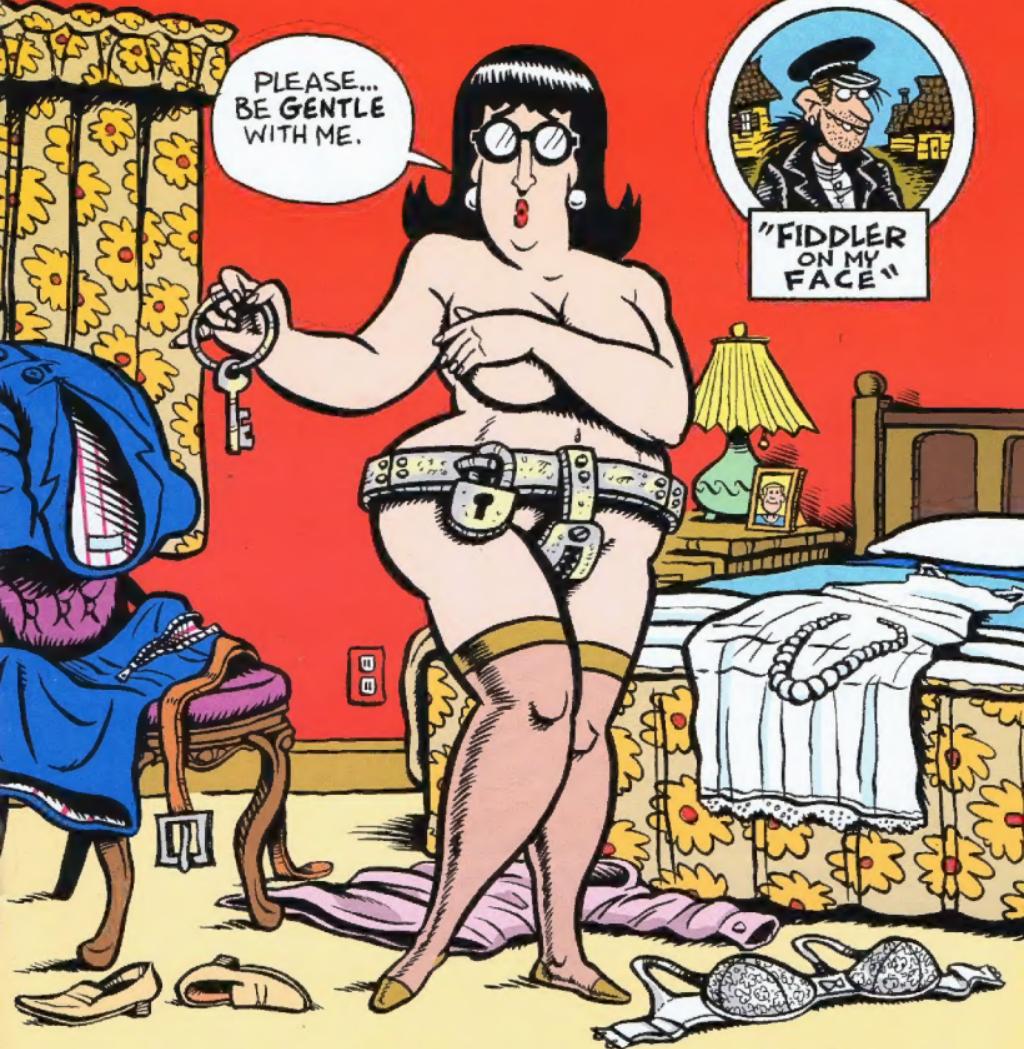
\$2.50
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CUD

by TERRY LABAN

PLEASE...
BE GENTLE
WITH ME.

"FIDDLER
ON MY
FACE"



"FEEL A LITTLE"

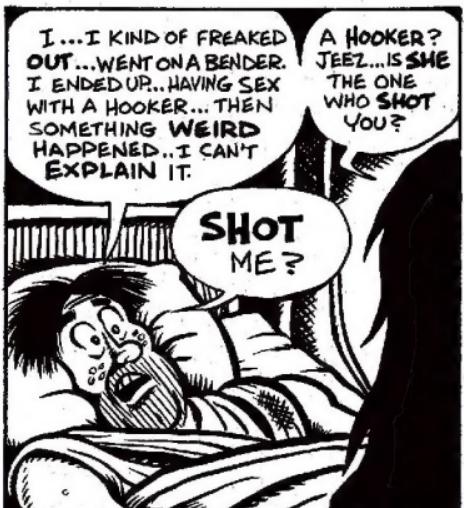
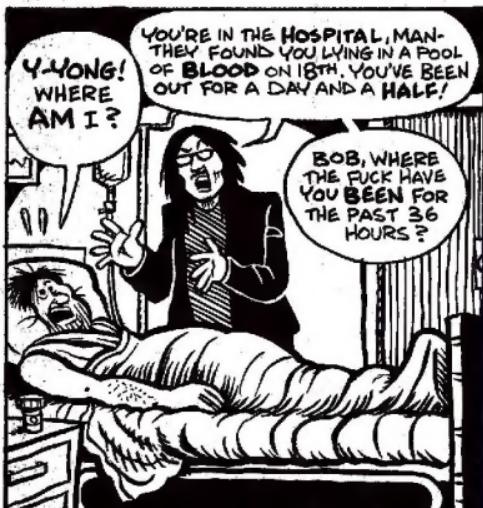
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THE STORY THUS FAR:

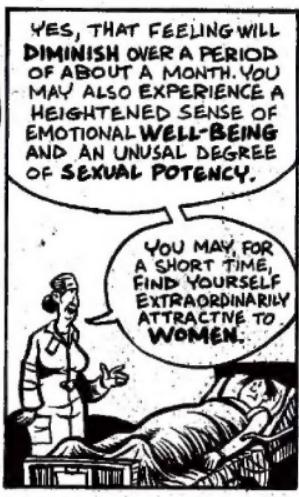
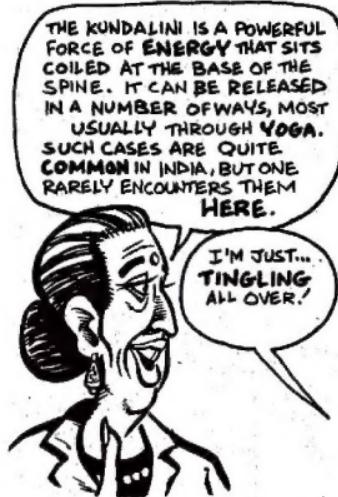
BOB CUDD, HAVING RECEIVED HIS MASTERS IN PERFORMANCE ART, WENT TO THE BIG CITY TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE. HIS PERFORMANCE AT A LOCAL ROCK CLUB IMPRESSED YONG DONG, AN AGENT FOR CONGLOMA RECORDS, AND, UNDER DONG'S GUIDANCE, GOT A LARGE GRANT FROM THE N.E.A. FAME AND FORTUNE QUICKLY FOLLOWED, AS OVERNIGHT, BOB BECAME A STAR. HOWEVER, THE CONTROVERSIAL NATURE OF HIS ACT MADE HIM A TARGET OF MORAL WATCHDOGS FROM ACROSS THE POLITICAL SPECTRUM, AND HIS UNREQUITED OBSESSION WITH FILA LITTLE, THE RECEPTIONIST AT CONGLOMA, LED TO AN INCREASING INABILITY TO FUNCTION, SEXUALLY AND OTHERWISE. UNAWARE THAT AN ALLIANCE OF FUNDAMENTALISTS AND ANTI-PORN FEMINISTS HAD SENT ASSASSINS TO KILL HIM, BOB MADE ONE LAST PLAY FOR FILA, AND AFTER BEING UNEQUIVOCALLY REJECTED, DISAPPEARED FOR 24 HOURS ON A BENDER. HE WOUND UP IN A SEAMY HOTEL WITH AN UNUSUAL PROSTITUTE, WHO, UTILIZING THE MYSTIC ARTS OF YOGA, CURED HIS IMPOTENCE BY AWAKENING HIS KUNDALINI. UNFORTUNATELY, THE INTENSITY OF THE EXPERIENCE SENT HIM RUSHING FROM THE ROOM IN A PANIC — RIGHT INTO THE RIFLE SCOPES OF HIS ENEMIES.



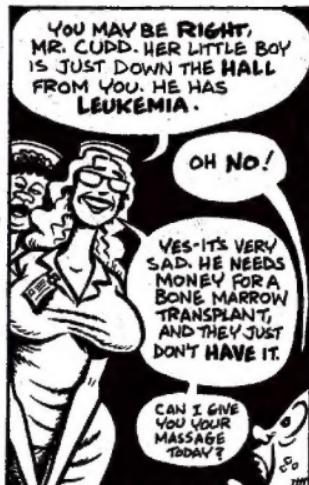
FEEL A LITTLE







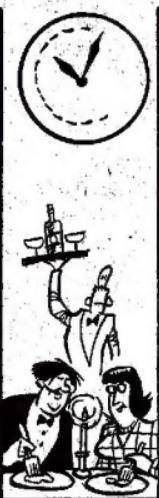
ONE WEEK LATER.







THE NEXT WEEK















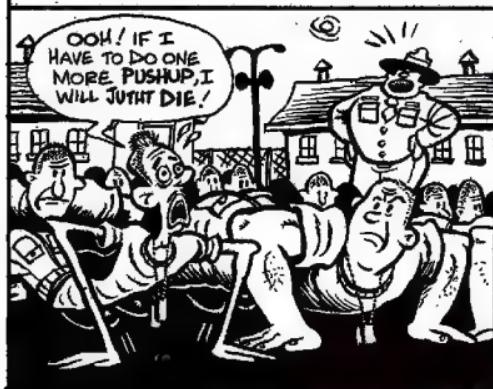
The SISSEY



"I MET A LOT OF GUYS MY FIRST FEW DAYS OF BOOT CAMP, AND I FOUND THAT, EVEN THOUGH WE CAME FROM MANY DIFFERENT BACKGROUNDS, WE COULD STILL GET ALONG. EXCEPT FOR ONE GUY WHO NEVER QUITE FIT IN. WE CALLED HIM 'THE SISSEY'!"



"HE WAS KIND OF SMALL AND DELICATE FOR A MARINE. NONE OF US LIKED TRAINING, BUT THE SISSEY SEEMED TO HAVE MORE TROUBLE THAN MOST."



"AND HE HAD A STRANGE SENSE OF STYLE. HE ALWAYS DECORATED HIS BED WITH FRESH FLOWERS, AND HE'D SPEND HOURS FUSSING WITH HIS HAIR."



"BUT IT WAS IN THE SHOWERS THAT HE BOthered us the most. He never said anything, but we could feel his eyes looking at our bodies...evaluating us...sexually!"



"I DECIDED TO TALK ABOUT IT WITH THE SERGEANT."

IT'S ABOUT
BOOFINSKY, SIR.
WE THINK HE MIGHT
BE A...HOMO!

WE KNOW, PRIVATE.
BUT UNDER THE PRES-
IDENT'S "DON'T ASK, DON'T
TELL" POLICY, NO ACTION
CAN BE TAKEN UNLESS THERE'S
A SPECIFIC VIOLATION OF
THE CODE OF CONDUCT.

SO THAT
MEANS...

RIGHT-UNLESS HE TELLS
US HE'S A FUDGE-
PACKER, OR WE
ACTUALLY CATCH HIM
DOING IT, WE GOTTA
LIVE WITH HIM!



"WHEN I TOLD THE GUYS, THEY WERE UPSET,
BUT RESIGNED TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

SIGH... AN
ORDER'S AN
ORDER, I GUESS.

OH, WELL-LOOK AT IT
THIS WAY- THERE'S NOT
ONE OF US WHO DOESN'T
OUTWEIGH HIM BY AT LEAST
100 POUNDS...

...HE'S GOTTA KNOW THAT IF
HE EVER TRIED ANYTHING, HE'D BE
PASTE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!



"NOT LONG AFTER, WE WERE SHIPPED OVERSEAS TO A COUNTRY NO ONE'D EVER HEARD OF TO REINFORCE A U.N. PEACEKEEPING EFFORT."



"THE FIRST NIGHT, WE CAME UNDER HEAVY FIRE. BEFORE I REALIZED IT, I FOUND MYSELF DUG INTO A HILL SIDE IN THE MOONLESS DARK WITH..."



"...THE SISSY!"



"FOR A FEW HOURS, NOTHING HAPPENED. AND THEN, I HEARD A VOICE SAY SOFTLY..."



"BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO REPLY, HE WAS ON ME, AND TO MY HORROR I FOUND THAT DESPITE MY SIZE, I WAS POWERLESS TO STOP HIM. CRAZED WITH PENT-UP LUST, HE WAS A RAGING ANIMAL, STRONGER THAN 10 MEN!"



"THE SOUND OF ARTILLERY FIRE DROWNED OUT MY SCREAMS AS HE HAD HIS WAY WITH ME AGAIN..."



"BY MORNING I WAS TIRED, HURT, AND HUMILIATED."



"OF COURSE, I TOLD NO ONE WHAT HAD HAPPENED. I HOPED THE INCIDENT WOULD FADE FROM MY MIND, JUST ANOTHER HORROR OF WAR."



"BUT STRANGE THINGS STARTED HAPPENING. I BEGAN SPENDING MORE TIME ON MY HAIR, AND NOTICING THINGS LIKE FLOWERS AND THE SCENT OF THE OFFICER'S AFTERSHAVE."



"WORST OF ALL, IN THE SHOWERS, I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING AT THE OTHER GUYS DIFFERENTLY... SUD- DENTLY, THEIR BODIES WERE... EXCITING!"



"I WAS TORTURED BY URGES I'D NEVER KNOWN BEFORE, AND THAT I COULDN'T SUPPRESS. FINALLY, I HAD TO ADMIT THAT SOMEHOW, THE SISSY HAD INFECTED ME WITH HIS DREAD DISORDER. AND NOW..."



"...I'M A SISSY TOO!"



I WANT



Fiddler Face

on my

©1983

HERE I AM, TERELEH THE MILKMAN, WALKING THE MUDDY STREETS OF HYSTEREKVA, DEEP IN THE RUSSIAN PALE. JUST ANOTHER POOR JEW, SCRATCHING OUT A LIVING AGAINST GREAT ODDS.



BUT THOUGH WE JEWS ARE POOR IN POSSESSIONS, WE'RE RICH IN TRADITION AND FAITH. GOD WALKS WITH US IN THE SHTETL. WELL, ACTUALLY, GOD GOES FIRST, AND WE FOLLOW 20 FEET BEHIND SO PEOPLE WON'T THINK HE KNOWS US. BUT IF WE CALL ON HIM, HE WILL ANSWER...

GOD!
OH, GOD

YES,
TERELEH?

I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU'VE NOTICED, GOD, THAT THOUGH YOU BURDEN ME WITH PAIN AND SORROW, I STILL PRAISE YOUR NAME?

SURE.
IT'S GREAT.

WELL, JUST THINK HOW MUCH LOUDER MY PRAISES WOULD BE IF YOU MADE ME RICH!

FAT CHANCE. I GIVE PEOPLE A LITTLE MONEY AND PSSST! I NEVER HEAR FROM THEM AGAIN.

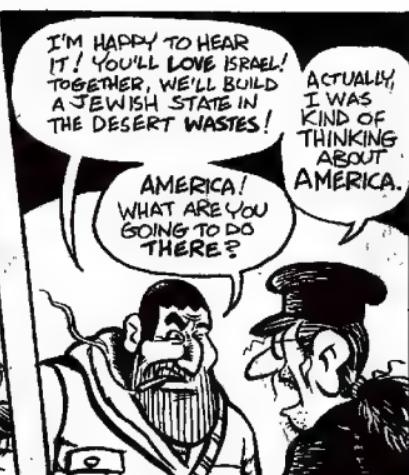
BUT, HEY, YOU'RE A GOOD EGG, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW I'VE DECIDED TO BLESS YOU WITH SOMETHING EVEN BETTER THAN MONEY!

YEA?
WHAT?









the MOON in the TREE

by TERRY LABAN ©93





THE MAGIC MAN

LOU LABAN
PO BOX 408136
CHICAGO, IL

DEAR TERRY - I HEAR YOU'RE DISAPPOINTED BY SALES OF YOUR COMICS. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME FREE ADVICE TO BOOST THOSE FIGURES - GET BOB CUD OFF THE COVER! I MEAN, HE'S UGLY, YA KNOW? PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO BUY THAT. THE BOB CUD STORIES ARE BRILLIANT AND HILARIOUS, YES, BUT BOB IS NOT RIGHT FOR THE COVER. PUT AN EGG FUCKING BIRD'S NEST ON THE COVER, AND SALES WOULD RISE LIKE A PENIS SHEATH ON A WARM DAY. I'M TELLIN' YA, TERRY - NO MORE BARE-CHESTED FAT GUYS ON THE COVER! - DAVID LASKY, SEATTLE, WA

DEAR MR. LABAN - I HAVE JUST READ OF A FILM THAT APPEARS TO HAVE VERY STRONG SIMILARITIES TO CUD. IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF FILM TREAT (#13), THERE IS A REVIEW OF AN INDEPENDENT FILM CALLED THE MINOTAUR. IT IS ABOUT A "BIG, BIG STAR WITH MILLIONS OF CRAZED FANS AND MORE MONEY THAN HE CAN EVER SPEND" WHO IS A "SICK BLEND OF THE YOUTHFULLY MAGNETIC FRANK SINATRA, THE OBSESSIVE, LATE-70'S ELVIS AND... HOWARD HUGHES". PHOTOS OF THE STAR HAVE A DISTINCT RESEMBLANCE TO BOB CUD. YOU MAY WANT TO CHECK THIS OUT. THOUGH IT DOES NOT SEEM THAT THIS FILM WILL BE A MONEY-MAKER, YOU MAY NEVERTHELESS WISH TO INVESTIGATE COPYRIGHT INFRINGEMENT ON PRINCIPLE. - JOHN ERDOS, BOSTON, MA

SINCE CUD'S ONLY BEEN COMING OUT FOR A LITTLE OVER A YEAR, AND BOB'S BEEN A "BIG STAR" FOR ONLY THE PAST 2 ISSUES, THE FILM MAKERS WOULD'VE HAD TO WORK PRETTY FAST TO HAVE STOLEN THE IDEA FROM ME. GUESS THE ZEITGEIST IS SUCH THAT MANY WHO ARE TUNED

INTO THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS ARE COMING UP WITH SIMILAR IDEAS. A SURE SIGN THAT THE END TIMES ARE UPON US.

TERRY - IN "CLASS ACTION", (CUD#2), YOU PORTRAYED YOURSELF AS BEING HUMOROUSLY ENDOWED. I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOUR SCHLONG IS REALLY THAT BIG, OR IF YOU'RE EXAGGERATING BECAUSE IT'S YOUR OWN CARTOON. - NEECIE STICKEL, MINNEAPOLIS, MN

YES, IT'S TRUE - I HAVE AN ORGAN OF PRODIGIOUS SIZE. IT'S A MIXED BLESSING, THOUGH. INTIMATE ENCOUNTERS CAN BECOME TRAUMATIC WHEN DATES RUN SCREAMING FROM THE ROOM, AND I HAVE TO BUY ALL MY PANTS AT A SPECIAL STORE.

DEAR TERRY - WHAT WERE ANT EGGS AND BIRD'S NEST DOING USING THE MISSIONARY POSITION? - TOM SCOLA, HOBOKEN, NJ

WHAT OTHER POSITIONS ARE THERE?

DEAR TERRY - I'M DYING TO KNOW WHAT YOUR EXPERIENCE IS WITH "PERFORMANCE ART" / ARTISTS? I WENT TO A PRETENTIOUS ART SCHOOL, SEE, AND IT KINDA SOURED THE GENRE.

the CARTOON CONSULTANT ^{#2} HOW TO GET IDEAS

WORK FOR THEM.



RENT THEM.



FIND THEM.



STEAL THEM



BUY THEM.



GET SOMEONE TO GIVE THEM TO YOU



FOR ME - ARIEL BOURDEAUX, SAN FRANCISCO, CA

GOSH, I WENT TO A PRETENTIOUS ART SCHOOL TOO! THINK THEY'RE ALL THAT WAM? ANYHOW, I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH PERFORMANCE ARTISTS BEFORE I STARTED THIS THING, BUT I'VE SEEN A FEW SINCE, AND SO FAR BOB'S GOT 'EM BEAT HANDS DOWN!

HEY LABAN - I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT WHEN DYLAN AND I ASKED A U-W VENDOR IF THE LATEST CUD WAS IN, HE GAVE AN EXCITED "YEAH!", LEADING ME TO A PROMINENT SHELF, HANDING ME A COPY AS THE TWO OTHER BROWSERS IN THE SHOP SAID IN A VIRTUAL CHORUS "OH, COOL!" AS THEY RAN TO SNAP UP THEIR OWN COPIES. SEEKS YOU'RE GATHERING A FOLLOWING IN SEATTLE! - LOU JURCIK, SEATTLE, WA

HAPPY TO HEAR IT, LOU, AND HAPPY IT INCLUDES YOU AND THAT CUTE LITTLE SHAVEE, DYLAN. AT LEAST TILL HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE CREED WHO WRITES AND DRAWS THIS STUFF IS HIS UNCLE.

WRITE ME AND I'LL BE YOUR PAL!

TERRY LABAN
PO BOX 408136
CHICAGO, IL 60640

PLUGTH

THE BOX - THIS LITTLE ZINE SEEKS TO EXIST PRIMARILY AS A VEHICLE FOR THE THOUGHTS AND STORIES OF STEWART MCKENZIE, A POST-COLLEGE, GENERATION X, TEMP-TYPE FROM SAN FRANCISCO. AND WHAT STORIES THEY ARE. THE CENTER PIECE OF THE ISSUE I'VE GOT (VOL 3, #2) IS A LONG AND CRAZY TALE OF A JOURNEY INTO THE NEVADA DESERT TO WITNESS THE TORCHING OF A 40-FOOT EFFIGY CALLED "THE BURNING MAN". MCKENZIE'S ACID-SOAKED ADVENTURE RECALLS THE VACATIONS OF HUNTER S. THOMPSON, BUT HIS WIDE-EYED AND ENGAGING PROSE HAS A POST-COLD WAR SWEETNESS THAT'S ALL HIS OWN. NO COMICS, BUT STILL, RULES. **STEWART MCKENZIE**, 101 CHENERY ST, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94111. NO PRICE.

DEEP GIRL - ARIEL BORDEAUX GIVES THE LOWDOWN ON HER ALLY SEXUAL EXPERIENCES AND THE PROS AND CONS OF CAFE JOBS. IN THIS AMIABLE MINI THAT MANAGGS TO BE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WITHOUT BEING LAME. HER WRITING'S GREAT, AND HER DRAWINGS ARE UGLY IN AN EXTREMELY PLEASANT KIND OF WAY. YOU CAN TELL SHE'S BEEN LOOKING AT JULE DOLDET, BUT SHE'S GOT HER OWN THING, AND IT'S A GOOD ONE. \$1.00 FROM **ARIEL BORDEAUX**, 573 SCOTT ST, APT L, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117. SHE TAKES TRADES, TOO.

PHENECRIBE! - ERIC SEARLEMAN'S DISARMINGLY SIMPLE AND ALWAYS AMUSING STORIES CONVEY THE STRUGGLE TO FIND MEANING AND PLEASURE IN A WORLD THAT'S AT BEST NUMBINGLY MUNDANE, AND AT WORST A MINEFIELD OF ANXIETY AND DISAPPOINTMENT. HE DRAWS IN A BEAUTIFUL STYLE THAT CONTRASTS AN ALMOST 50S-TYPE CLEAN LINE WITH A SCUNGY, DRY-BRUSH BACKGROUND. GET A MAGAZINE-SIZED MINI FOR \$2.00 FROM **ERIC SEARLEMAN**, 102 W. MARPOSA #2, PHOENIX, AZ 85013

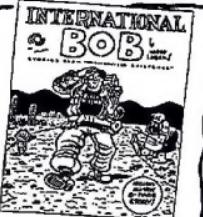
DETROIT/MURDER CITY COMIX - MY OLD HOMETOWN HAS A MYSTIQUE ALL ITS OWN, AND THESE GUYS WADE INTO IT UP TO THEIR FOREHEADS. THIS GENUINE, GLOSSY-COVERED (THO' SELF-PUBLISHED) COMIC IS CHOCK-FULL OF TRUE STORIES ABOUT THE SICK SUBURBANITES, CRAZED GHETTO-DWELLERS, CRUMBLING BUILDINGS, JUNKER CARS, LOUD ROCK 'N' ROLL AND OTHER STUFF THAT'S MADE THE ONCE APTLY NICK-NAMED 'MOTOWN' AMERICA'S FAVORITE URBAN BASKET CASE. THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE WON'T LIKE IT, BUT YOU WILL. ISSUES 1-3 \$2.50 EACH FROM **D!MCC**, 1684 FULTON, SAN FRAN, CA 94117. UP-THE-MIN.

TICK TOCK - EXCELLENT MINI ANTHOLOGY BY A BUNCH OF CANADIAN CARTOONISTS, MOST NOTABLY ONE POT MCCOWAN. A MIXED BUNCH OF MATERIAL, LEANING TOWARDS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL; ALL THE STORIES ARE BEAUTIFULLY DRAWN, AND HARDLY ANY ARE STUPID AND/OR POINTLESS. WORTH THE BUCK FROM SUIT JACKET PRESS, 955 THURLow ST #108, VANCOUVER, BC, CANADA V6E-1W5

BUGGERY - VANESSA McGEE IS APPARENTLY A PRETTY WEIRD CHICK, NOT LEAST BECAUSE SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN I'VE EVER SEEN WHO DRAWS LIKE S. CLAY WILSON. **BUGGERY** AND HER OTHER MINIS ARE STRANGE CONGLOMERATIONS OF POETRY, DISJOINTED STORIES AND CRABBY DRAWINGS OF UGLY PEOPLE DOING PERVERTED THINGS, OR, MORE OFTEN, CONTEMPLATING THE POSSIBILITY. THE ART HAS THAT OBSESSIVE FEELING, AND MANY MINIS ARE HAND-COLORED. SEND A COUPLE BUCKS AND SEE WHAT YOU GET TO **BALL PEEN COMIX**, POBOX 545, ATHENS, GA 30603

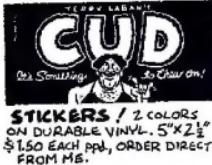
BARBIE ARMY - ACTUALLY, THEY'RE A ROCK AND ROLL BAND, BUT THEY ALSO DO STRANGE LITTLE MINIS. I FOUND THEM INCOMPREHENSIBLE, BUT YOU MIGHT LIKE THEM. WRITE **BARBIE ARMY**, POBOX 335, 60439 USA. NO PRICE.

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